Come shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, prisoners

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfert, Pomfret.* O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard.* O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt:*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods Name say when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bish. Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are

Hast. I thanke his grace, I kn
But for his purpose in the Coro
I haue not sounded him, no
His graces pleasure any way th
But you my Lord may name th
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile g
Which I presume he will take

Bish. Now in good time heer

Enter G

Glo. My noble Lord, and c
I haue beene long a sleepe, b
My absence doth neglect no g
Which by my presence might h

Buc. Had not you come vp
William L. Hastings had now
I meane your voyce from Crov

Glo. Then my *L. Hastings*,
His Lordship knowes me well,

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of *Elie.*

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in He
I saw good strawberies in you
I doe beseech you send for so

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*,
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings*
And finds the testy Gentleman
As he will loose his head ere g
His maisters sonne as worship
Shall loose the royalty of *Eng*

Buc. Withdraw you hence m

Dar. We haue not yet set d
To morrow in mine opinion is
For I my selfe am not so well p
As else I would be, were the

Enter the Bish

Bish. Where is my *L. Protect*

G

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